

# BURNS' CALF

TURN'D A

## BULL:

OR,

Some REMARKS on his mean and unprovoked ATTACK of Mr. S\*\*\*\*\*, when preaching from Mal. iv. 2. *And ye shall go forth and grow up as calves of the stall*; together with his turning the Scriptures and Gospel Ministers into ridicule.

To which is added,

## SOME OBSERVATIONS

On Dr. M'GILL'S

## PRACTICAL ESSAY.

By a RHYMER.

---

Printed in the Year 1787.

BURNS' CALF turn'd a BULL.

**T**HE poet BURNS has wit by turns,  
but horribly profane;  
He holy things delights to lash,  
And turn them to disdain.  
A sermon preach'd by Mr. S\*\*\*\*\*  
o'er by at Mauchline kirk,  
The text and preacher he did lash,  
ca'd him both calf and stirk,  
Bullock and stot, and all what not,  
the young man to abuse,  
Because the growth explain'd by him  
was not with him in use.  
A high Socinian himself,  
the orthodox he brands,  
'Cause they preach down his principles  
aye with uplifted hands.  
He lashes every mother son  
that true religion owns;  
And all the clergy, orthodox,  
he terribly lampoons.  
The countenance he now receives,  
among both great and sma'  
Shews infidelity to reign,  
religion worn awa'.  
A certain truth be sure it is,  
to prove our scriptures true,  
Since holy men so long ago  
did prophecy of you.  
They told that in the latter days  
there surely would arise  
A set of vile ungodly men,  
who would these things despise.



Here, like the two Egyptians,  
who Moses did withstand,

This wicked varlet Mr. S\*\*\*\*\*  
does mock with heart and hand.

But, reader, stop and mark, I pray,  
it is not Mr. S\*\*\*\*\*.

Who properly the object is  
of Robert Rhymer's spleen.

Should our king George a person send  
unto a foreign state,

Would they, think you, this man receive  
if they the king did hate?

Nay, would they not, as Hannun did  
to David's messengers,

Even from his coat the skirts cut off  
and from his face the hairs?

This Rhymer did to Mr. S\*\*\*\*\*  
so far as he had power,

Forgetful sure that Christ his King,  
would bless and him secure.

Nor does he need to help himself,  
but by his awful word,

For thousand arrows, wing'd with death,  
will help to him afford.

Yea, rather than that Mr. S\*\*\*\*\*  
be swallow'd in the flood

Of Robert Rhymer's ribaldry,  
the earth will drink his blood.

For even things inanimate  
groan heavily to bear

The like of H-m-l-t-n and B-rus,  
who Sabbath's don't revere.



But is it true, I ask with dread,  
they could thus spend their time,  
Upon our holy Sabbath-day,  
and not think it a crime?

Their conscience, sure, most harder be  
than any flint or stone,

For oftentimes these very things  
at sin will weep and moan:

Sins, not their own, but such as his,  
has made them oft to quake,

And many times great famous towns  
have perish'd for their sake.

Now therefore, Scotland, dread a blow,  
and mind 'tis not far off,

Since thou a person has produc'd,  
who can religion scoff.

But why a person, did I say!  
as if there were but one?

A hundred rather I might blame,  
among whom's our Mefs John.

"Mefs John," says one, "what's that you say?"

"I hope you will take care,

"And never suffer heat or spleen

"to lash a minister,

"I've heard you formerly them blame,

"because they were not sound,

"And will you also rank them with

"those who their Saviour wound?"

A minister I never shall

put in this worthless class,

For sure I am he never will

this rhyming foe care.

But some half tradesmen, whom I know,  
unable are to preach,

As also the Socinian crew,  
who to this rhymers crouch ;

Lest he their weakness should expose  
unto impartial men ;

Or lest he should their principles  
spread with his rhyming pen.

But this is what they need not fear,  
because they're of one mind ;

And both the parties, when they meet,  
can jeer the gospel kind.

Yea, I could mention ten or twelve  
within the shire of A\*r,

Who, for the Calf, would Rhymers thank,  
before they went to prayer.

I doubt not but some of these men  
this Rhymers might employ,

To make for them this golden Calf,  
for which they leap'd with joy.

But I much fear these wicked men,  
who now do dance and sing

Before this idol Calf of his,  
will shortly change their spring.

And he who made this Calf to them,  
surely can fear no loss,

Than that, without repentance, he  
must die in wilderness,

And never see the promis'd land,  
because he this did frame ;

The picture of a filthy Calf,  
religion to defame.

But soon his Calf will turn a Bull,  
 and push him with its horn;  
 In heaven's gate it will appear  
 and drive him out forlorn.

Ah, worthless, wretched, foolish man!  
 to mock such precious things;  
 To flight the messenger of grace,  
 who those glad tidings brings.

I'd have thee know, self-blinded man,  
 thy time will soon be o'er,  
 And tho' thy Calf now makes thee rich,  
 at death thou wilt be poor.

Thou with the Goats, wilt then be sent  
 to yonder barren hill;  
 Whereas such Calves as Mr. S\*\*\*\*\*  
 shall eat, and have their fill.

They to green pastures shall repair,  
 and grow as in a stall;  
 While such as Sabbath days profane,  
 shall be destroyed all.

They may indeed permitted be  
 to persecute the just,  
 Yet nothing strange there is in this,  
 for suffer it they must.

Surely this Rhymer did forget  
 what's threaten'd against those  
 Who do God's holy prophets touch,  
 or who his word oppose.

I therefore humbly thee intreat,  
 remember in this day  
 The things which to thy peace belong,  
 before they fly away.



Set not thy trust on gentlemen,  
 lest that thou cursed be ;  
 But take thou hold on Christ, and then  
 with other eyes thou'lt see.

Altho' I somewhat angry was,  
 when I this rhyme began,  
 I now have laid it all aside,  
 to act the Christian man.

And if thy sayings thou repent,  
 I here will pledge my vow,  
 I could make thee my bosom friend,  
 farewell---farewell---adieu !

## O B S E R V A T I O N S

On Dr. M'G-LL's ESSAY.

By a RHYMER.

**D**R. M'G-LL may preach and print,  
 the gospel to abuse,  
 But God will still a remnant have  
 to keep the same in use.

To preach the gospel free and full,  
 which brings us meickle joy,  
 As in the scripture 'tis reveal'd  
 most pure without alloy.

Tho' persecution should be sent  
 against them like a flood,  
 Let them not be discouraged ;  
 the promises are good,

That if they do support the truth,  
 the truth will make them free,

'Gainst every heretic that tries  
 the same to vilify.

Preachers that are Socinian,  
 the orthodox will brand,

'Cause they preach down their principles  
 aye with uplifted hand.

But let them still exert themselves  
 for truth on every side,  
 For dreadful errors are come in,  
 just like a flowing tide.  
 Yea, Christ's atonement they deny,  
 his Deity impugn ;  
 Far better had it been for such  
 a man to lose his tongue.  
 But will the church no notice take  
 of such a heretic,  
 Nor prosecute him for his crime,  
 which is so very great.  
 But surely if she do neglect  
 to prosecute him for't,  
 She'll not be counted vigilant  
 the truth for to support.  
 Now Satan has a kingdom here,  
 which is both strong and great ;  
 The town of \*\*\*'s the capital  
 where Satan has his seat.  
 Their m——rs promote the same,  
 by wicked books they print ;  
 And when they preach on sabbath days  
 they many errors vent.  
 The common people they mislead,  
 unto a woful pitch :  
 Blind leads the blind, and so they both  
 must fall into the ditch.  
 'Tis long since they at first began  
 to form their wicked scheme,  
 But now in public it has appear'd,  
 and bears the author's name.  
 Thanks to the author in the east,  
 who gave them such a cow ;  
 Each Christian that reads his book,  
 it makes his heart to glow.  
 And if he read his book with care,  
 he'll no more read M'G-LL :  
 For every Christian sure must own,  
 it would his comfort spill.

